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PRAMPOLINI, Rome

ASCENSIONAL FORCES

RISING MAN

No. 1

FUTURIST ARISTOCRACY

Edited by N. L. Castelli

15c

CHARLES SHEELER

Skyscrapers of New York

SPEED CITY

On a morning of soul torturing wretchedness, while with my great friend Veniero d'Annunzio we were frantically rushing up the long straight majesty of Fifth Avenue in a magnificently powerful and proud "Isotta," I have hurled forth my great youthfully passionate love for the speed of this huge, boundless, unique Cosmopolis. Elated by the danger and the surprise of the policemen drawn up at each of those crossings swarming with thousands of bright human eyes, I felt a sense of mastery over the crowd swiftly disappearing behind the pulsating brightness of our car.

I asked Veniero to forget the colored signals and the energical gestures of those automatons trying to measure both danger and distance. Infernally we drove on, with a will ferociously bent upon the ever increasing speed of our race, happy of its danger!

Streets, streets, streets.

Ffffrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

A long bleating of the horn. Bevies of flappers hurriedly crossing the street.

SsssssssssszzzzzzzzzzzzsssssssssZZZ

Four brakes on each wheel. The "Isotta" had stopped. Veniero had the hard, steely look of the self-controlled aviator. The road stretched on and on, now uphill, now down. Long rows of modern buildings. The joy of high open space. Tall spires defying the blue sky.

Ffffffffrrrrrrrrr ffffffrrrrrrr

A new flashing start. Smilingly, tensely we drank the strong whistling wind. The elevated droned its heavy metallic rythm on the aerial track of a side street. The muffled glide of the subway rose to a crash. Endless rows of automobiles.

Life—Speed—New York: the ideal city of gipsy poets and international dreamers, of the eternally young lovers clutching at all the strange passions of this convulsed world, of elegant passers-by from Parisian Montmartre or the Berlin of Unter den Linden, of London bohemians, Muscovite outlaws and Italian lovers.

To rent the darkly veiled future the unknown emigrant must fling the proud and tenacious audacity of his intelligence towards a victory against ignorance, over that yawning chasm: the Past and plunge himself headlong in the vortex of American speed, abandoning himself to the mad savage dance. Dominating old conventional forms and the mass steeped in commercialism he must reveal the strange glory of Life, the power of man's spirit and intelligence, the eternal aristocracy of thought, great beyond all the things of this world, reigning supreme on the highest summit of human destiny.

CASTELLI, futurist.

MANIFESTO OF FUTURISM

1. We shall sing the love of danger, the habit of energy and boldness.

2. The essential elements of our poetry shall be courage, during, and rebellion.

3. Literature has hitherto glorified thoughtful immobility, ectasy and sleep; we shall extol aggressive movement, feverish insomnia, the double quick step, the somersault, the box on the ear, the fisticuff.

4. We declare that the world's splendor has been enriched by a new beauty; the beauty of speed. A racing motor-car, its frame adorned with great pipes, like snakes with explosive breath... a roaring motor-car, which looks as though running on shrapnel, is more beautiful than the VICTORY OF SAMOTHRANCE.

5. We shall sing of the man at the steering wheel, whose ideal stem transfixes the Earth, rushing over the circuit of her orbit.

6. The poet must give himself with frenzy, with splendour and with lavishness, in order to increase the enthusiastic fervour of the primordial elements.

7. There is no more beauty except in strife. No masterpiece without aggressiveness. Poetry must be a violent onslaught upon the unknown forces, to command them to bow before man.

8. We stand upon the extreme promontory of the centuries!.... Why should we look behind us, when we have to break in the mysterious portals of the Impossible? Time and Space died yesterday. Already we live in the absolute, since we have already created speed, eternal and ever-present.

9. We wish to glorify War—the only health giver of the world—militarism, patriotism, the destructive arm of the Anarchist, the beautiful Ideas that kill, the contempt for woman.

10. We wish to destroy the museum, the libraries, to fight against moralism, feminism and all opportunistic and utilitarian meannesses.

11. We shall sing of the great crowds in the excitement of labour, pleasure or rebellion; of the multi-coloured and polyphonic surf of revolutions in modern capital cities; of the nocturnal vibration of arsenals and workshops beneath their violent electric moons; of the greedy stations swallowing smoking snakes; of factories suspended from the clouds by their strings of smoke; of bridges leaping like gymnasts over the diabolical cutlery of sunbathed rivers; of adventurous liners scenting the horizon; of broad-chested locomotives prancing on the rails, like huge steel horses bridled with long tubes; and of the gliding flight of aeroplanes, the sound of whose screw is like the flapping of flags and the applause of an enthusiastic crowd.

It was in Italy that we launched this manifesto of violence, destructive and incendiary, by which we that day founded Futurism, because we

would deliver Italy from its canker of professors, archaeologists, cicerones and antiquaries.

Italy has been too long the great market of the second-hand dealers. We would free her from the numberless museums which cover her with as many cemeteries.

Museum, cemeteries! . . . Truly identical with their sinister jostling of bodies that know one another not.

Public dormitories where one sleeps for ever side by side with destested or unknown beings. Mutual ferocity of painters and sculptors slaying one another with blows of lines and colour in a single museum.

Let one pay a visit there each year as one visits one's dead once a year . . . That we can allow! . . . Deposit flowers even once a year at the feet of the GIOCONDA, if you will! . . . But to walk daily in the museums with our sorrows, our fragile courage and our anxiety, that is inadmissible! . . . Would you, then, poison yourselves? Do you want to decay?

What can one find in an old picture unless it be the painful contortions of the artist striving to break the bars that stand in the way of his desire to express completely his dream?

To admire an old picture is to pour our sensitiveness into a funeral urn, instead of casting it forward in violent gushes of creation and action. Would you, then, waste the best of your strength by a useless admiration of the past, from which you can but emerge exhausted, reduced, down-trodden?

In truth, the daily haunting of museums, of libraries and of academies (those cemeteries of wasted efforts, those calvaries of crucified dreams, those ladgers of broken attempts!) is to artists what the protracted tutelage of parents is to intelligent youths, intoxicated with their talent and their ambitious determination.

For men on their death-bed, for invalids, and for prisoners, very well! The admirable past may be balsam to their wounds, since the future is closed to them . . . But we will have none of it, we, the young, the strong, and the living FUTURISTS!

Come, then, the good incendiaries with their charred fingers! . . . Here they come! Here they come! . . . Set fire to the shelves of the libraries! Deviate the course of canals to flood the cellars of the museum! . . . Oh! may the glorious canvasses drift helplessly! Seize pickaxes and hammers! Sap the foundations of the venerable cities!

The oldest amongst us are thirty; we have, therefore, ten years at least to accomplish our task. When we are forty, let others, younger and more valiant, throw us into the basket like useless manuscripts! . . . They will come against us from afar, from everywhere, bounding upon the lightsome measure of their first poems, scratching the air with their hooked fingers, and scenting at the academy doors the pleasant odour of our rotting minds, marked out already for the catacombs of the libraries.

But we shall not be there. They will find us at length, one winter's night, right out in the country, beneath a dreary shed, the monotonous

rain-drops sturmming on the roof, covering by our trepidiating aeroplanes, warming our hands at the miserable fire which our books of today will make, blazing gaily beneath the dazzling flight of their images.

They will surge around us, breathless with anxiety and disappointment, and all, exasperated by our dauntless courage, will throw themselves upon us to slay us, with all the more hatred because their hearts will be filled with love and admiration for us. And Injustice, strong and healthy, will burst forth radiantly in their eyes. For art can be nought but violence, cruelty and injustice.

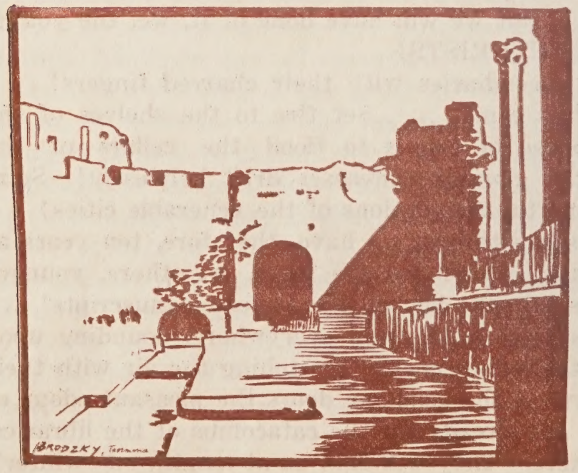
The oldest amongst us are thirty, and yet we have already squandered treasures, treasures of strength, of love, of courage, of rugged determination, hastily, in a frenzy, without counting, with all our might, breathlessly.

Look at us! We are not breathless . . . Our heart does not fell the slightest weariness! For it is fed with fire, hatred and speed! . . . That surprises you? It is because you do not remember even having lived! We stand upon the summit of the world and once more we cast our challenge to the stars!

Your objections? Enough! Enough! I know them! It is agreed! We know well what our fine and false intelligence tells us. We are, it says, only the summary and the extension of our ancestors. Perhaps! Very well! . . . What matter? . . . But we do not wish to hear! Beware of repeating those infamous words! Better lift your head!

We stand upon the summit of the world and once more we cast our challenge to the stars!

F. T. MARINETTI



HORACE BRODZKY

Greek Theatre at Taormina

DRAWING

WHAT IS FUTURISM

Elementary notions

A FUTURIST IN ART IS

1—Whoever thinks and expresses himself with originality, strength, vivacity, enthusiasm, clearness, simplicity and directness.

2—Whoever hates ruins, museums, cemeteries, libraries, culturalism, professorialism, academicalism, imitation of the past, purism, long speeches and fastidiousness.

3—Whoever prefers to traditional tragedies and dramas the synthetic theatre and vaudeville shows where the audience smokes, laughs and cooperates with actors without any solemnity, gloom and monotony.

4—Whoever wants to rejuvenate, invigorate and lighten Italian art, liberate it from its imitation of the past, traditionalism and academicalism and encourage all the bold creations of the new generation.

Italian futurism born in Milan 12 years ago has made its influence felt in all the world by thousands of exhibitions and lectures and has given birth to countless varieties of figurisms. It has been understood and acclaimed in all the capitals of Europe. In Italy is has been vilified and slandered, by the reactionaries, priests, moralists, prigs and conservative papers.

Tu futurist movement was at first solely concerned with art but it had great influence in Italy through its propaganda for revolutionary patriotism, anticlericalism and against the Central Empires which prepared our intervention in the war against Austria.

Italian futurism prophet of our war opened its first artistic meeting 12 years ago with the slogan: "Down with Austria."

A FUTURIST IN LIFE IS

1—Whoever loves life, energy, liberty, progress, courage, novelty, practicality, speed.

2—Whoever acts with decision and has no cowardly hesitation.

3—Whoever between two decisions chooses the most generous and daring provided it involves greater perfection and development for the individual and the race.

4—Whoever acts gaily, looking towards the future without pedantry, prigishness, mysticism or melancholy.

5—Whoever can unconcernedly pass from the most serious occupation to the most roaring fun.

6—Whoever loves open air life, sport, gymnastic and takes daily care of his bodily strength and agility.

7—Whoever knows how to use his hands and fists decisively when required.

THEATRE

We futurists, particularly in America, hate the classical theatre abject lavatory of dolled up impotence.

Attend a performance of two or three hours

rivetted to the exasperating softness of an orchestra chair

suffocated by the feathers, perfumes, sighs, languishments and nonsense of the ladies possessed of a costly ticket and of a proportionately corresponding dose of ignorance

in an oppressively dark environment

disturbed by the claque paid to applaud at the precise moment in which we are concentrating the keenest observation to analyse the weakest points of a prima donna or a tenor

rubbing elbows against the white shirt fronts of pork butchers or shoe dealers is to us an unbearable sacrifice.

Arthur Brisbane once writing of Italian artists who, to us Italian, are merely "singers," declared that in view of its traditions the Italian public could dispense with the claque. Probably Mr. Brisbane had indulged in a visit to the Opera . . . possibly the Metropolitan.

We futurists would ask Mr. Brisbane to look for Italian art outside of the vicious circles of artists and singers glorified by the press agents.

At the "Capitol," between one number and another, an Italian artist triumphs. I said an "artist" and call her thus because no press agent has ever done so. Although a mass of dirty paper is published here under the name of Italian daily, not a word has ever been published on the exquisite art of this dancer who is content to appear at the "Capitol" and has never courted success in an Italian theatre.

Its archetectonic design makes of the "Capitol' a great modern theatre. The waves of enthusiasm travel from row to row, in concentric circles towards the stage. Multicolored lights swiftly play about the artist who arouses, heightens, exalts the emotional potentialities of the audience.

On a soft background of rich deep blue light I have seen the incomparable grace of Ines Gambarelli lightly treading the intricate threads of a passionate musical phantasy. The dance's legs have something of divine power in the wonderful rapidity of their motion, defying the closest scrutiny. They disappear, turn, bend and blend with the flickering light, their lithe strength finally stilled by enthusiastic applause.

Away with the somniferous performance of a classical theatre. Let us hie to the live, dynamic entertainments of the "Capitol" where applause, enthusiasm and passion run high.

Muusic, muusic . . . . aagain, biiiis, encooore . . . . la la la la la la la

phaf, phaf, phaf, phaf, phaf, phaf, phaf, phaf,

biiiis, again, encoooorrrrre . . . .

The baton is raised
Ststststststssssstssssst

The strings weep . . . . the dance is renewed. The public is still, silent, extatic.

The round balconies with ends bound to the stage, the boxes scaling down from the ceiling, the sloping orchestra are mute. Thousands ef eyes are directed in feverish expectation to that angle of the stage from which the dancer will emerge. The music starts, the rythm given, and suddenly in her swift race to the foot lights the dancer is met by a loud, uproarios welcome. All are standing

phaf, phaf, phaf, phaf, phaf, phaf,
la, la la, la, la, la
Sssssssssssss

Against her blue background Gambarelli dances in a deafening storm of applause.

CASTELLI

RUBCZAC

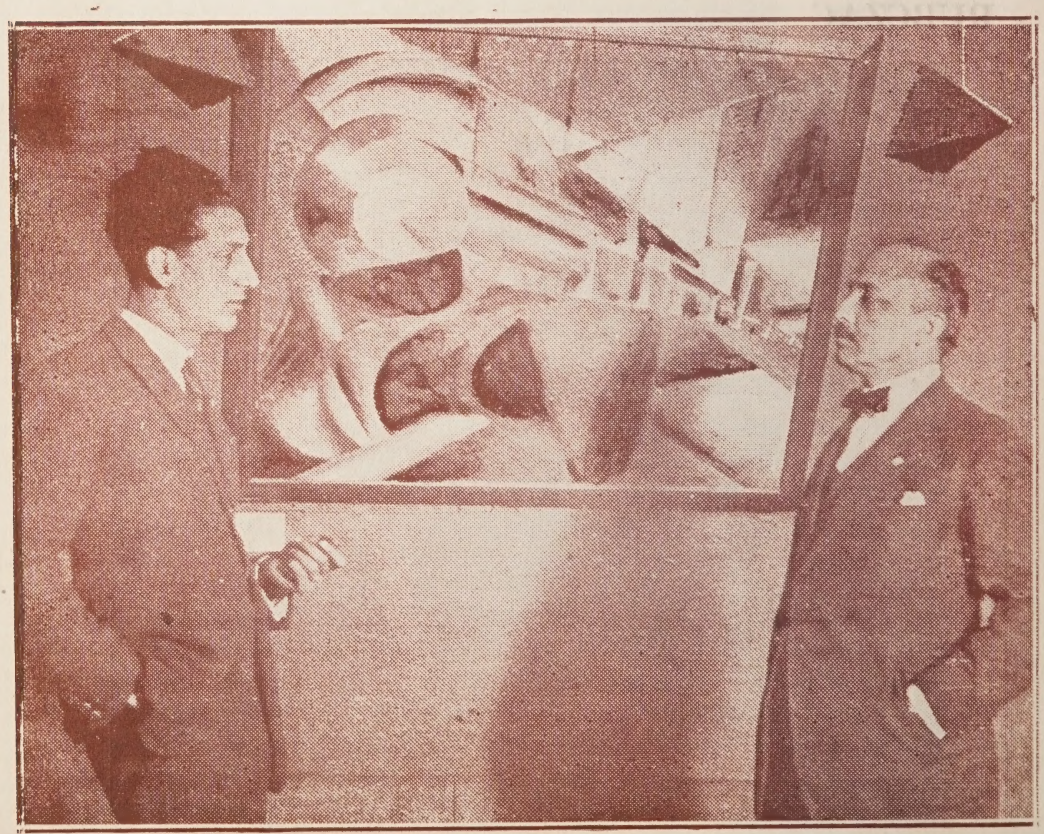
LANDSCAPE

"The caffein of Europe"

The Parisian papers call Marinetti **"The caffein of Europe."** These papers unhesitatingly declare that his famous book "Mafarka the futurist" is a real masterpiece. Rachilde in the "Mercure de France" wrote: "I repeat that I have really found this book beautiful . . . I hope Marinetti will not resent my comparing him to the first author of the first human book."

Paul Claudel has proclaimed Marinetti "one of the two or three greatest contemporary poets."

Dominique Braga in the "Crapouillot" speaks as follows of the universal influence of Marinetti and Futurism: "Directly or indirectly the so called progressive men and movements owe thier freedom to the futurist revolution. Marinetti remains the great inventor. The present vitality of our tentatives is the result of his work. This should be loudly proclaimed."



Marinetti (to the right) before a futurist painting: "The speed train."

The discovery of new senses

The following Manifesto has been written specially for "Futurist Aristocracy." It has not yet appeared in print even in Italian. It is a sequel to the Manifesto on Tactilism which has been read at the "Théatre de l'Oeuvre" in Paris, at the World Exhibition of Modern Art in Geneva and published in several magazines a few months.

Suppose the sun should come out of its orbit and forget the earth. Darkness. Men stumbling. Terror. Then the birth of a vague feeling of safety, and order. Cautiousness of skin. Groping life. After trying to create new artificial lights, men adapt themselves to darkness. They admire nictalop animals. Dilatation of the human pupil which perceives the small quantity of light contained in darkness. Attention accumulates in the optical nerve.

A visual sense is formed on the finger tips.

Interscopy develops and a few can already see inside their own bodies. Others can dimly see the inside of neighboring bodies. All feel that sight, smell, hearing, touch and taste are modifications of one very active sense which is split up and distributed in various points.

Other localizations are necessary. Here we are. The epigastrum sees. The knees see. The elbows see. All admire the variation in speed which differentiates light from sound.

Thus spontaneously the new art of Tactilism could have come to life instead of being created as it now is by an act of our futurist caprice-faith-will.

We are convinced that tactilism will be of great practical service and will help to make good clairvoyant handed surgeons, while it will offer new means of educations for all defectives.

The futurist Balla declares that Tactilism will enable everybody to again enjoy with the most surprising freshness all past sensations which could not be thus enjoyed either through music or painting.

True, but we go further:

We all know the hypothesis concerning the composition of matter. Through the very plausible hypothesis which makes of matter a synthesis of electrons we have cancelled the distinction between spirit and matter.

When, touching a piece of iron, we declare: "This is iron," we are satisfied with a word and nothing more. Between the iron and the hand there occurs a conflict of preconscious forces-thoughts-feelings. Perhaps there is more thought at the finger tips and in the iron than in the brain

which has the pride of observing the prenomenon. By means of Tactilism we propose, apart from scientific methods, to make a better analysis of the ultimate composition of matter.

Tactilism is the abstract of all the senses which have not yet become specialized.

The five senses already definitely known and studied in a more or less scholarly manner are more or less arbitrary localizations of that confused association of intermingled senses which constitutes the driving force of the human machine.

I think this driving force is more easily studied at the epidermical frontiers of our body and it is for this reason that I have given the name of Tactilism to all the senses which have not yet become precise.

I will now proceed to explain a few of these:

1.—**Sense of absurd equilibrium:** Besides the sense of mechanical equilibrium which is characteristic of the human body and can be explained by means of mechanical laws, there is a mysterious absurd equilibrium viz, a subconcious reserve of equilibrium which intervenes when the mechanical equilibrium is broken.

The runners, football players, wrestlers, and boxers know this absurd equilibrium which sometimes intervenes to save them from a mechanically logic fall. This absurd equilibrium can best be observed when draft horses give their maximum effort.

2.—**Sense of aviatory orientation:** This sense is becoming more definite with the development of aviation. Certain aviators are able to orient themselves in the thickest fog without any compass.

3.—**Tactile sense at distance:** This is called presentiment. A better name would be presensation; eg., to the speaking of somebody or something which appears a moment later. To cry out before striming against something hard in the dark.

4.—**Shoulder sense:** This tactile sense at distance is undoubtedly located in the shoulders. Man is specially protected in front (eyes, hands, nails) has in his shoulders a more or less developed sense which warms him of the coming of a friend or enemy. This becomes particularly developed in thieves and in general in all those who live in fear of arrest or death.

This sense is very noticeable in the croup of animals, particularly of the feline species. It should be studied with a cat in a dark room.

5.—**Tactiles sense of physical identity:** This sense can only be studied in the rare moments in which on account of great physical exhaustion or drowsiness it disintegretes.

6.—**Sense of aim, or target of the human gun.** Extreme point of an ideal line which our fists necessarily follow in a fight.

7.—**Musical sense or physiological tempoism:** Point of contact between our skin and the infinite-time-space in which we move. It could

also be called the sense of bodily rythm. This sense tends to create harmony between our body and the terristrial and planetary rythm. This tempoism is sometimes noticed in a fight when, illogically, the urge is felt of dealing blows with the fists. Also in rushing down from a high mountain.

8.—**Sense of superfatigue-strength:** Excessive fatigue engenders a new strength. Creative artists have noted this when reaching the extreme point of cerebral effort.

9.—**Physical sense of speed:** Bodily sense measuring the gradual breaking of the atmosphere.

10.—**Tactile sense of level:** ..This is sometimes revealed by a queer sense in the legs and feet of an orator walking a high platform.

11.—**Surgical tactile sense:** When visiting a patient for the first time a surgeon sometimes finds him with very high fever, but does not attach excessive importance to it because he senses that fever is habitual with him.

12.—**Motherly sense of flesh:** A drama of beneficial forces between the hands of a mother and the cheeks of her son whose illness has been pronounced incurable.

NEW TACTILE TABLES

Tactile psychophysical portrait of Marinetti

CENTRAL GENERATING BLOCK: Elemental roughness, round but not rude, soft central power revealing sensitiveness (brush mixed with heart—aspiration towards life. Block of rock and wood—maximum potentiality. Spunge—porousness to environment.

GLIDING IN AN EVEN RYTHM—SURENESS OF CREATION: (Silver patches with color, roughness and animality in the mass. Impossibility of stillness (sand paperrough hair).

VITALITY: Taut, bare muscles (natural rubber). Tender muscles (felted rubber). Human muscles (skin covered rubber). Muscles drawn towards the absolute (silver bound rubber).

KEEN WILL OF THE INNOVATOR: An element which differentiates itself by inflicting wounds—pointed stone.

CREATION: Bridges in the blue and leaps through space. Soft, spase encircling threads and curves (metal patch partly covered with zigzags).

ANGUISH VORTEX: Clean out plate, contorted shock and attraction.

ABANDONMENT TO TENDERNESS, LOVE, HUMANITY, SWEETNESS: Warm fabric zones—leather of decreasing roughness—velvet—all forming concentric circles with warm feather center.

THRUST TOWARDS THE INFINITE WITH PERPENDICULAR FORCE: Piece of steel covered with silver towards the end.

Tactile table of an arid landscape

Starting from a semi arid height (ordinary brush) going down in a rough zone of lacerating intensity (pine trees and brambles) then in a rugged zone (hard brush) vegetable-human zone almost spent and clammy, of atmospheric gray (dry seaweeds, cork).

A sudden irritation (rasp) after which we return to the synthesis of previous tactile sensations which become almost abstract, increasingly vague (on sand paper of various grades, rough straw and grass grouped symetrically).

Abstract tactile table of the consequent desire for warm-softness

The previous tactile table is connected with this by means of sand paper which from the synthesis of abstract and vague sensations passes on to ennui (vast zone of sand paper on which the hands must rest).

Rebellion of sensitiveness (hard brush and smooth rock) which creates a soft roughness (rasp covered with silk spunge fabric) skin gliding on to a progressive desire of soft volumes (wool stuffed silk, drawn skin, warm curly wool) on to zones of motherly warmth (fleecy wool) love warmth (wool and silk satin) tenderness (feathers, velvet, silk and on to an **abstract smooth and cold rest.**

Abstract tactile table of aggressive dynamic will

The previous tactile table is connected with this.

After the rest we pass on to a set will in hurled masses (round leather—wood cylinder—wood parellele piped—small cylinder of smooth stone) then accelerated speed over bouncing obstacles and shock without and with track (large ninepin, octagonal wood blocks, cork bridge).

Pure gliding waves of speed gradually becoming aerial: (Metal bridge rotating wooden balls, smooth wooden cylinder, fabric bound metal bridge over a vacuum.

Aerial smooth flying plane: (tinfoil).

New tactile esperiments

The futurist Magamal proposes the following tactile experiments:

1.—A box with many unequal compartments should be filled with various materials of different colors.

2.—A rosary of small beads fo various substances threaded an unequal distances. The hands would thus be trained to distinguish things in the dark: marble, iron, coral, corn flour, macaroni, tobacco, etc.

3.—Portraits of people with fabrics adequate to their temperaments. A cynical and hard man with elephant skin. A strong and intelligent man with ox sinew. A fascinating and charming man with velvet and silk on the cheeks and rose petals in the eyes.

All these researches will lead us further and we shall never rest satisfied.

MARINETTI

MY TRAGIC, OBSCURE DESTINY

Extract from a book, shortly to be published.

5 My beloved said to-night: "But your are always ailing! Your daring has abated with the violence of the war?"

I had no answer to make. I felt an inward tremor, as a coward does at the sight of danger. Take a decision! What for? When? And why?

I feel irresistibly drawn towards the spiritual heights of a beckoning idealism. I must abandon my cause and myself to divine inutility and drift, aimlessly. I do not know myself why I am writing to-night. My brain is tightly gripped by the obsession of years past and to come. While the words appear one by one on the plain whiteness of the paper, I am wrestling with the indecision, the confusion of my thoughts. Write? Why? I am always haunted by a terrible fear. If to-morrow my thoughts should have changed entirely from what they are to-day, what will I do with these notes? I have already written so much, scattered my thoughts under so many names. No one knows me as well as I know myself and can call me a renegade as sincerely as I do. I have trifled in the usual may with all the faiths, all the ideals and mirages. Little by little I have blindly risen to the height of every young human illusion in order to contemplate, for a while, the depth of human misery and I have then passed on cynically to another and yet another. I have changed so many times. Countlessly. And to-day no one has a harder or more inscrutable look, no one feels a deeper contempt than I do for all the wretched, crawling sects and creeds.

I had a flaming, adamant capacity for illusion in those young years I spent in the country where, in spite of lying state registers, I was not born. Day by day it was smeared and bruised by life, but I clung to it tenaciously for some time and carried it, like a burden from which I have never been able to free myself entirely.

In vain my abat-jour casts on my poor bohemian desk a blue light which brings to my memory the divine beauty of Anna Fougez when at the Eden, in Bologna, she used triumphantly to conquer us all with a smile.

My spirit jailed, fettered, broken has never uttered my cry of rebellion . . . I have become convinced that the great, the supreme good is to be deeply, hoplessly crassly stupid and brainless.

I was born in Albania, in the old castle of Piskupi ruined by interminable civil guerillas. If there ever was a human being who came into the world logically and courageously it was I. Another, obsessed by rancor or a sense of shame, would try to conceal the past. Not so! I wear it as a crowming glory. Many times betrayed by the countless loves of my vagrant life in large cities I have sought as a refuge the memory of the gloomy nobility of my birth, to the liveried servants, to the aus-

terity of the old manor and of the convent in which my mother suffered the most horrible calvary.

I was, as I said, born in the castle of Piskupi. In the old abbey erected by the lord of that name the nuns spent a life dedicated to heavenly love. Forty six years ago, when she was but twenty years of age, a girl was shut up in this convent by a despotic father. Two years of religious life did not destroy her love for the Prince of Piskupi, her father's rival for the political dominion of the country.

One night undesecrated by the wan white moon, under a triumphal arch of intertwined blossoming almond branches, the strong sweet smell of spring brought the two young lovers to the holocaust of an eternal love. The scandal broke out, violently and the warring parties renewed their fight. Love the noblest, greatest human happiness had kindled the hatred of partisanship. A truce was secured through the intervention of the archbishop to whom no human sorrow was unknown.

The young countess protected by the thick walls of her convent and covered by the silence of the Mother Superior could not be publicly accused. The Prince who had declared his willingness to repair the fault was met with the reply that it was a folly and the matrimony did not take place.

After years and years, heartbroken, my father, whom I have never known, disappeared in the deep, murky waters surrounding the castle. His bouse and race had met their fate. His coat and arms had disappeared. To men and Gods, whom men bring to witness the world's shame, the Prince of Piskupi had died without a heir.

I was not yet born. The oldest of aristocratic families had come to an end leaving a nun to give birth to the heir of a sad and pitiful love. Before my birth I was already doomed not to be myself. The deep and passionate tragedy of two lives was to weigh me down with sorrow.

The young countess was trasferred to another convent on the height of a desolate mountain where monastic rigorism sent her to meditate on her sin. Alone, surrounded by hypocrisy and the fiercest bigotry, her soul torn asunder, my mother was making of her life a sacrificial offering to her lost love. She wished for no deeper knowledge than love. She lived in the worship of love. Perhaps still praying and longing for love, eight months after the passionate night which no light had desecrated, my mother died in childbirth. I was born an orphan. I was left alone a prey to hostility and scandal. From the first, my cries were eagerly counted. My life was in danger. I was received with terror, hatred, contempt and this was to be an open, barbarous although logical challenge to my fate. Since then I have roamed from place to place, unconscious of myself, suppressing my innermost impulses.

Oh let me flee to the brightest star which looked on the night of my birth! Let me mourn the 23rd of June!

Fatality!

Gloom!

Destiny!!

Let me seek the nameless grave of my unknown mother. Speak to me of my father, of his past, of his glory. Give to me, his son, the heritage of his noble deeds. I was dragged from the starched, white, holy garment of my dead mother and taken to the wretched cabin of a native, a rough man who was acting as coast guard. My life was entrusted to the two lying strangers who have made me their own. Help! Help! Help me to freedom. I do not want to be what I am and am not. I do not want to remain what I am and am not. Let me travel the phantastic, endless road of dauntless courage. Onward! Further! Away! Let me reach the furthest, the utmost beacon. Give me wings to escape from the ruins of my past and my future. Let me annihilate violently the stersotyped cowardice of state officials. Give me a new life! Do away with the past.

If I continue to write until to-night I shall have spent half a day uselessly. To-night under the enticing, insidious, voluptuous reflections of my blue now. They have guided my thoughts. Naturally all I will write to-night shall be the opposite of what I am writing now and will entirely cancelled because I knew I could never reach the end. Why should I? I always deceive myself. I am a victim of self obsession. I hate myself. Why? Because I am not I. This is logical, natural, clear to an yone. No government employee can convince me that my name is Castelli and Nanni and Leone. Fortunately I was not registered under such names at the time of my birth; the original register has disappeared in an earthquake. "My origin?" I have made an enquiry once from the inherent and matriculated imbecility of a municipal clerk. "We shall see! We shall make the necessary investigations." But no one will be able to do anything. There has been a confusion in the registers between my present names and those under which I was registered, so that no one will ever know which of my three identities is the real, authentic one. But I will still discuss, confute and thus conquer the servile and unctuous courtesy and governmental imbecility framed in the window of the City Hall. I am not Castelli. I sign, call myself and give my name as Castelli because after all I consider it as a minor detil, but I am not Castelli. I would like to stamp my unknown shield on the square asinine face of the state officials and laugh. When my father loved my mother no one knew. No one has known the anguish of the Prince of Piskupi and the agony of th eyoungnun who loved more than life. My country is far, far away from all the places in which I have lived. It is beyond the horizon that the eyes of my countrymen contemplate. I was born of gypsy blood, of a hardy savage race. I have the temper and the fate of a restless suicidal nomad. On the gloomy night of my birth between the twenty third and the twenty fourth of June, I do not know how many years ago, there were no stars in the dark sky, but I have discovered mine and painfully follow in her wake.

CASTELLI

LIFE

We tank the press for its favorable comments on the beginnings of our artistic and literary battle.

The first article dealing with Marinetti, Castelli and the other Futurists was written in New York by Senorita Jesus Alfan (Beatriz Sandoval) and appeared in "La Prensa," the only Spanish daily in America.

The independent painter Robert Edwards, editor of "The Quill," the Old New York Greenwich Village review, has promised to write for "Futurist Aristocracy."

The "Greenwich Village Historical Society" still holds weekly meetings of which Mrs. Catherine Parker Clivette is president and in the course of which Juanita recites her spiritualized poetry.

The "International Club of the City of New York" has recently been formed as a meeting place for all intelligent foreigners and weekly entertainments are given in the shape of concerts, recitals, lectures, etc.

Another newcomer, the "Orient Society," has published the first issue of its official organ "Orient" of which Hari G. Govel is editor. Good! The West must know the East.

The "Union of East & West" is another association for the propagation of Eastern Culture in the West.

JOHN MARIN

NEW YORK (water color)

INTERNATIONAL ACTIVITIES

Futurism created by the inexhaustible mind of the Italian poet F. T. Marinetti has its own reviews, papers and clubs in all parts of the world:

Germany, Berlin: "Der Futurismus," Director the poet R. Vasari.

France, Paris: "Le Futurisme," Director Marinetti.

Italy, Milan: "Il Futurismo," Director Marinetti.

Italy, Rome: "Noi," Director the great painter Prampolini.

Italy, Florence: "Firenze Futurista," Director Oscar Fusetti.

Italy, Messina: "Balza Futurista," Directors Guglielmo Jannelli and Luciano Nicastro.

Shortly an international review will be published in Italian, German, French and English under the name of "Dynamo." Director: Marinetti. Editors Vasari, Prampolini, Castelli. Editorial offices: Berlin, Germany; Paris, France; Milan, Italy; New York, U. S. A.

FUTURIST ARISTOCRACY

has secured the cooperation of the best advanced artists and writers.

It will be distributed in the leading world centers: London, Madrid, Barcellona, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Prague, Tokio, Constantinople, Cairo, Mexico, &c.

It is published in simple form so that its circulation may be more rapidly increased among the best artistic and educational circles.

Our English articles will be translated in Italy and reproduced in Italian newspapers.

Marinetti will write special manifestos and articles for "Futurist Aristocracy."

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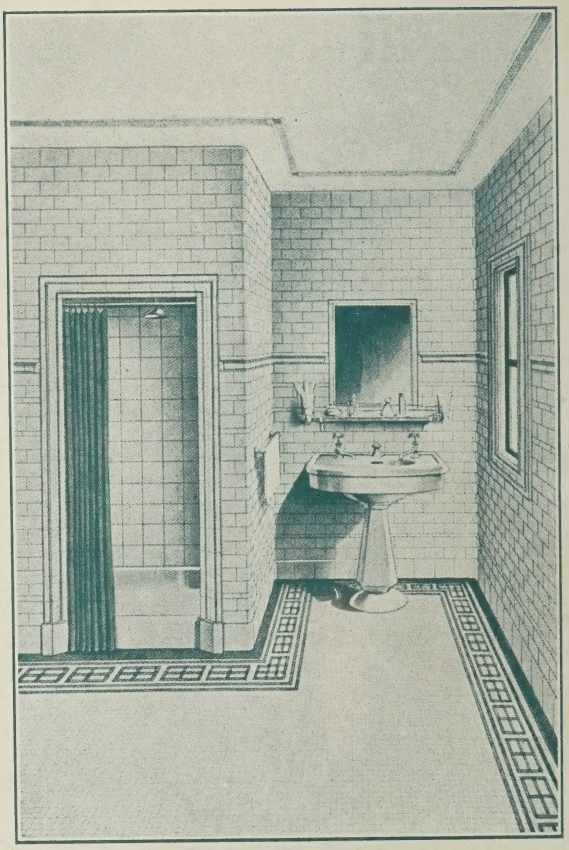

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